

2-2017

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## **SERMON TO MYSELF**

**The squeeze.  
Anxiety is endless,  
the wire wound around  
every hour. Based  
on wrong view—  
if you hold clear  
the meaning of karma  
(action and result)  
no ground left for  
rootless anxiety.  
Nothing will happen  
but what is already  
entrained, it's in  
the system. Worry  
instead about  
the next thing you do.  
Everything else is done.**

**1 February 2017**

= = = = =

**Skipping spaces  
like a kid of the sidewalk  
covering ground  
without touching same—  
the dance.**

**Interpret the earth  
beneath you,  
listening with your feet  
and hips and shoulders—  
the dance.**

**By leaving the earth a second  
you hear it suddenly clear.**

**1 February 2017**

=====

**Blue sky  
be good to me  
let some  
snow go,  
some friends  
come to see.**

**2.  
Pray to the weather  
because it is.  
It answers by  
letting me.**

**3.  
It can't be as simple as I seem.  
Measures don't work that way.  
Every foot in every mile  
has to be passed through,  
no leap allowed, heaven happens  
only inch by inch.**

**4.  
Snow is water  
or water's daughter  
in her wedding gown  
marrying everyone at once.**

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**1 February 2017**

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**Too many things  
to be so few.  
Paper, absorb me!  
I count on no one,  
not even the number tree  
wherever it grows.  
Tired eyes rhapsodize.**

**1 / 2 February 2017**

=====

**Evil can't  
just be resisted.  
It must be drained  
and the hollow  
places it leaves  
in heart and mind  
be filled with  
kindness, beginnings,  
creation, joy.**

**1 / 2 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**When you sing  
you have to use a different voice.  
And you have to sing.**

**It couldbe the voice of your friend  
or the voice of your own hand  
holding the hand of a friend**

**and what a high shrill tender voice  
your own hand has,  
you hardly recognize the sounds it makes**

**but it is singing, real singing,  
the way the touch of it sings  
on a lover's thigh or a lover's hand**

**until it all is singing  
and the beasts fall away  
snarling in the terrible sound**

**of their actual voices and never a song.**

**1 February 2017**



## after Billie's dream

= = = = ==

**What to say  
to a friend's bed,  
a new bed,  
the kind we learned  
from zen manuals to use  
to lie flat on the ground**

**but soft, soft,  
the way the ground is,  
really, always ready,  
a bed is always ready,  
its coverlet is red  
to remind,  
          a futon  
we call it, sounds like *foutre*,  
*foutrons*, let's fuck,  
let's talk to the bed  
make it ready, high  
ceremonial magic  
of people at midnight  
going to sleep, they  
sound like the earth  
ready to bear us again,**

**the color of sleep is red  
she said, she knows**

**the dream said so, a dream  
is what the bed says,  
no dream worth anything  
unless it comes truly  
from the voice of the bed.  
Didn't you know that  
everything talks? How  
on earth could a bed  
be silent when all night  
it studies what the body says?**

**1 February 2017  
after Billie's dream**

== == == == ==

**Mysterious cloud births  
so many women from the sky  
advantage me,**

**they all are verbs and ever do —  
a verb won't stop  
just for the weather —**

**wherefore I have built  
my cathedral out of wantonness,  
each stone of it doing  
what it will and what it wants  
because it must. Like  
the spire you see above it, I too  
am anchored in that sky.**

**2 February 2017**

=====

**Montaigne's mother was Jewish  
no wonder he was smart.  
I wonder what part his father played  
or the mountain or the sweet white wine.**

**2 February 2017**

=====

**Infantility of great men —  
unless you can be a child  
all your life yu'll never grow up,**

**never reach the fullness  
of your *design*. Childness  
is the infrastructure, the base.**

**Keep it intact, feed it with  
ice cream and bizarre desires.**

**3 February 2017**

=====

**There came a silent day.  
Who knew the vague clouds  
could say so little?**

**Or was I just not listening?  
Or listening with the wrong ear:  
we have so many ways of hesring,**

**arms and hands and legs,  
shoulders, belly, lap — so  
manymysterious organs.**

**3 February 2017**

## **THE SYSTEM**

**Birds in the trees  
so many,  
                  how many  
words are there  
in the Bible  
and why?  
                  And why  
is there only  
one sky?**

**3 February 2017  
Rhinebeck**



=====

**Sound  
of something  
I can't name,  
strange sound.  
What does sound  
really do? Does  
it feed on us?**

**3.II.17, Rhinebeck**

=====

**Valentine hearts  
all over the wall,  
beta-blockers, ACE  
inhibitors on the shelf.  
We live by signs.**

**3.II.17, Rhinebeck**

== == == == ==

**As if the other side  
finally got here —  
turn the flower over  
turn the air over  
and remember who  
you really are,  
who you really love.**

**3 February 2017  
Rhinebeck**

=====

**There is a little eye  
in things that lets them  
see you too.**

**Seeing  
is not easy..**

**Memory  
gets in the way,  
*then seeps into now*  
and the bird flies away.**

**3 February 2017  
Rhinebeck**

=====

## **Orchestral Interlude:**

**Circumstances  
just stand around,  
circus dances  
prance. Any  
minute now the  
music will stop  
and the singing  
start. The tune  
is almost enough  
tohear. Look around,  
the people are  
almost here too.**

**3 February 2017  
Rhinebeck**

=====

**Blue map  
of the whole ocean.**

**Be not concerned  
with counting  
islands—**

**love  
makes its own  
mainland, safe  
frontiers, a native  
language not  
too hard to learn.**

**3 February 2017  
Rhinebeck**

=====

1.  
Round him cold  
spreads out,  
vector of arctic  
he, a dagger  
from the unseen  
elsewhere  
piercing the day.

2.  
We bring with us  
what we are  
and we write letters  
to the world  
we dare them to read  
what we are  
being all day long.

3 February 2017  
Rhinebeck

== == == == ==

**Illustrious outsiders everywhere  
and all the stay at home geniuses  
meet once every year for croquet**

**discovering once gain sad principles  
of percussion, inertia and collision.  
The game goes on for nine months**

**and is called education or school—  
it mimics the inner process in Women  
whereby more geniuses come**

**to guide and play with us anew.**

**4 February 2017**



=====

**Grandiose embellishments on the harp  
of the noise the child makes when  
the family doctor tells it to say “Ah.”  
Not good to leave a simple sound alone—  
must challenge is with overtones,  
naso-pharyngeal hoots, slobbering  
grunts on the double bass, strings  
shivering all over the place. Drum.  
By then the sound is lost and so should be—  
we can’t put up with much simplicity,  
can’t pretend we never built cathedrals  
or that those apple trees grow by themselves.**

**4 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**Of course you  
root cause of it  
crack in the sky**

**inside the mirror  
another mirror  
shows a different out**

**this comes of identity  
of numbers  
when the sky was only.**

**4 / 5 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**It's Sunday morning  
it's as if it's Sunday morning**

**cars quieter and sky  
skyer, far**

**No colors  
It's as if there are  
no colors in the world**

**but everything visible  
everything different**

**Light is a grand sermon  
giver, like to generalize  
show us the way**

**Light shows the way**

**Light shows through the paper  
the obstinate child  
reads the future backwards**

**through the page**

**the future printed on the next page  
the obstinate child resists the lure  
of the immediate, the easy**

**It's as if it's Sunday morning  
and I'm ordinary again,**

**it's ordinary around me too**

**the quiet cars the fallen snow.**

**5 February 2017**

## **COLOR**

**Hold this color to the light  
and it will tell  
all the places it has been  
to look at you now  
this very way,  
                    Hill of Tara,  
'49 Chevy in the rain,  
alligator pear, the lawn  
at Blithewood on a mercy day—**

**a mercy day  
now what is that  
no sun no rain  
not cold not hot**

**You sit on the lawn and watch the trees  
forgiving everyone. That color green.**

**5 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**I dare not tell that dream,  
the dream took place  
in the old language,  
with grass and trees  
and lean-tos in mild weather,  
the dream was full  
of natural things I dare not  
mention, naked things  
and things half-smiling  
in their sleep or were they  
really awake just testing me,  
you can't talk about things  
like that these days, things  
get old like language too,  
old things, old trees, old  
meanings of our bodies,  
nothing can be said of these.**

**5 February 2017**

=====

**Embassy from the other  
as if this side were not  
enmeshed in discourse already—**

**every word a manifesto!**

**But still they come  
calling the mind's eye  
by flirt of vowel  
or alluring ambiguity—**

**morning after morning  
wake into what is said.**

**6 February 2017**

=====

**Easy enough  
to answer no question.  
I do it all the time  
and here's one more.**

**6 February 2017**



== == == == ==

**Precipices we have known  
without falling: none.**

**Basements we have chosen  
not to inspect: few.**

**But o the attics fullof dust and danger  
weird sunlight seen in no other place—**

**I will not clamber up those creaking steps.**

**6 February 2017**

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**Try to be warm  
cushion to the bone.  
Sunlight on the snow.  
Move the way the bare  
hibiscus shivers slow  
in this chill breeze.  
Things come and go  
but you, you animal  
of eloquence and repose,  
emulate a stone.  
One with carvings on it  
in a lost language,  
fruit trees and goddesses,  
most of their faces  
worn away with time.**

**6 February 2017**

=====

**The woods in the wind  
make the sound of a train  
passing through slow.  
All senses deceive us,  
confuse us, entertain.  
The shadow of my hand  
a swan's broad web.  
Don't believe what you see.**

**6 February 2017**

=====

**The moral privilege of morning  
a silk foulard on the whole day.  
For half an hour or an hour  
it's all right to say what you mean,  
write what you think. After that  
button up the system. Hide in language  
so the words can have their morning too.**

**6 February 2017**

## **GRANDEES**

**Who are the grandees  
who over us umbelliferate  
ski-happy in rain sky?**

**Bracket my question  
and serve it for lunch  
so the dignitaries of Local Wit  
can chew it fine  
and spit it out and then we'll see.**

**Not. "Easy Answers (There are none)" *T.M.*  
the poet wrote. Pigeons n cities  
crows in countryside. That's  
close as we've gotten to the truth.**

**7 February 2017**

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**Ambushes and predicates—  
I read you from across the room  
sea-worthy guesswork, plumb lines  
to the core of beryl.**

**Jewel me**

**I have no religion,  
only practice, only worship—  
something thrilling in the blood.**

**Ideas lie in wait for us.  
No skill required. They repose,  
propose, impose and we're done.**

**Baptized by exhaustion,  
the mind sleeps. Dreams speak.  
They alone decipher us but they don't tell.**

**7 February 2017**

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**Could they be here already  
the gods we call Greek?  
Or never left us, amused  
at how we changed their names  
and forgot their curious smiles?**

**And then that Persian flower came  
we call the rose, unknown to the Greeks,  
and somehow that changed everything:  
gods abide but flowers come and go.**

**But how to build a temple to the rose?  
Or are we born with one already in us  
and only theologians fail to notice it?**

**7 February 2017**

## **IRISH**

**Our blood is exile.**

**Such Irish as we are are not Konquering Kelts but hedge-folk, see it in your eyes, my eye-bones, we're from before the world, or before this world Cro-Magnon ruddy folk pushed to the very edge of Europe (you rope squeezing us tight), Norway, Ireland, or pale dark-haired pre-Saxns squeezed north to the frozen Baltic I have walked on that sea.**

**Don't worry. The blood is exile always. The king Cu Chullain served was king only by his wife's permission -- that is the secret, glorious secret of the Irish — a matriarchy that set its Drones out on display and watched what they did. And what they did turned into the stories the secret queens told. The mothers. The seal women from the sea.**

**What I'm saying is that we are the genetic descendants of those stories -- not the slack scrota of mustache-chewing papas. We are born from telling.**

**7 February 2017**



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**Or sometimes we have to make a story of it  
to gild the garbage so we can bear  
to live a day longer on a planet where  
we let such things happen to us.  
Or they just do. And fiction is our only weapon  
in a land and system that despises truth.  
So we tell ourselves this death means  
something, and that death, all the deaths,  
rapes, robberies, deceptions, abandonings,  
we make up stories so we can live with them  
until the wound closes and the scars look  
only pale and vaguely interesting and  
then we can tell how we came by the wound  
and tell the new story that we call the real.**

**7 February 2017**

## **DOCH ANGSTLOS LEBEN WIR?**

**If I could just endure  
the beauty of the thing I see**

**snowfield sunrise picture  
people walking in their quiet glory**

**long avenue arrowing into evening  
the north star over Penikese**

**and not doubt each one, not turn  
from them to my secret worry**

**ever-changing hell guess of the moment.**

**7 February 2017**

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**Did I ever tell you about the children?  
They wait behind or sometimes right inside  
the green hedges all along the road.  
That country is sometimes this one.  
They come in different sizes, infants, sturdy  
adolescents, soft-faced pigtailed wanderers,  
all kinds. They say nothing out loud  
but you can hear them when you pass  
along that road, walking slow, or even driving,  
you hear them as pictures in your head,  
fears, desires, parts of your own body  
you're suddenly aware of without knowing why.  
Or their bodies,projected as images  
across the mind's sky, you know, the way  
we visualize people real or imaginary  
we think. But everything imagined is real.  
Whatever is made up is true. I know this  
because voices of the children told me so.**

**7 February 2017**

## **WHAT THE DARK TOLD ME**

**He stares at the coffee pot  
a good image to carry with him  
a good thing  
on his ourney to the Sun.**

**And how bright She is today  
and every liquor speaks her  
clearly, even this black  
miracle in his coffee cup.**

**7 / 8 February 2017**

## ZAMZAM

*In deserto:*  
when a woman  
walks into the desert  
a pool or well or spring  
stands up  
from her footstep  
by the hypothesis of myth.  
Myth means saying.  
Means telling.  
Tale. Tell  
what she found in the desert.  
Follow her trail. Tale, Tell.

7 / 8 February 2017

=====

**Speakable deeds  
and other Iliads  
should not linger  
in the mind's heart.**

**Let it be a lady place  
where following the thread  
of narrative was all  
that counted, no deaths,**

**no cities burnt down.  
Just the mild faces  
of the ordinary things,  
sea and hill and road**

**and home for supper,  
a hand you love or  
like at least stroking  
your bare shoulder.**

**7 / 8 February 2017**

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**We have wings  
but we can't fly—  
why? Holding  
one another close  
is our special sky.**

**7 / 8 February 2017**

## **THE SEVEN OF CUPS**

**They sprawl around the room  
in lassitudes of drunkenness.  
The room is very large,  
boundless in fact, and the cups  
are very small. One or two  
still stand upright, full  
beside a sleeper's arm.  
There is someone  
looking in the window  
from very far away.  
Is this you? Is the card  
after all made of glass?  
By the fireplace a cat  
is snoozing, no drunker  
than usual. Bend low  
now and stroke its fur.**

**7 / 8 February 2017**



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**Enough ink left  
for a rll in the hay  
but who. But who.  
We fall in love  
with identities, we  
have none of my own.**

**7 / 8 February 2017**

## CANTING TOWARDS THE OUTER PLANETS

the slip of mind  
silks across the system.  
Beyond repair  
it weaves anew self  
out of that *black light*  
my unclde discovered  
in his cellar. We find  
things where we can.  
Went down the creaky steps  
and there it was: the hum  
of darkness all around him  
and his mind lit up.  
*Having lamps, they give them to others*  
famous Greek motto.  
we give what we know.  
We give what we can.  
Storybook found in the garbage,  
the same cup of coffee  
again and again. Once  
we get there, past Neptune,  
we should finally be here.

8 February 2017

=====

**Name a country  
where the moon does not shine.  
Huntinghorns all night long  
but at dawn no blood on the snow.  
Nothing to remind you of the dark.**

**8 February 2017**

=====

**I had a principle to follow once  
a guiding Girl Scout t  
hrough dingy woodlots  
Ohio, Michigan. She  
or it led me to a clearing  
where no one had ever stood.  
A virgin earth and me  
a shy bridegroom of that place,  
inept, boorish, but much in love,  
enraptured by the lovely  
emptiness of things.**

**8 February 2017**

## **THE SEVEN OF WANDS**

**She is running  
running across a field  
running towards or running from?  
How can we know.  
Running. Things  
we do not know..**

**She has cast off  
her last religions,  
motivations, intentions,  
desires. She is just running.  
Just being.**

**At the far, far edge of the field  
a forest. Its trees.  
The trees are also sticks, staves,  
wands. uncountably many.**

**She has to be running,  
she knows that running has to be done,  
the sticks she used to rub together  
not so many years ago told her  
when she tried to make them burn,**

**she runs so fast  
the air almost catches fire,**

**fire is friction is air is wood  
is what is left of human will  
when plans are scrapped  
and clocks are thrown away,  
fire.**

**Seven wands. Seven trees.  
Seven shadows stretch towards her  
over the clover grass, they stretch out  
to meet her, she runs deep into every one.**

**8 / 9 February 2017  
End of Notebook 399**

## SUMMMONING DOORS

Opening the door  
moves air  
you see.

The stanzas of difference  
stretch out across your house,  
any house, any you.

*I hold you now n my—*

No. The door  
is not about that, the door  
pushes air away, lets you  
(any me) breathe  
my way in.

That's he secret  
practice, the yoga of doors.

2.

Open this, it will all be there—  
the hidden rhyme, your lover's  
favorite shampoo, your grandma's  
original London accent,  
smell of the river,  
half a mile away you smell it,  
that flowing south,

the wash  
of sea tide breasting against it—  
this contradiction

**is your house.**

**3.**

**Open the door to it**

**and find peace**

**that only constant struggle brings,**

**lifelong,**

**snowflakes in a blizzard,**

**this one, each day a crystal**

**of it, efficacious, perfect, gone.**

**9 February 2017**



## **POEMA**

**Put on your glasses  
to see the mist better.  
Reach out and run  
your fingers through it  
until you smell the rose.**

**9 February 2017**

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**The snow I shoveled off the deck  
wind blew right back—  
there has to be a song in that.  
But who will sing it?  
music is naked even in such weather.**

**9 February 2017**

=====

**Could it be beyond the happening—  
ask Paul about the system, he told  
the Romans hell tell you.**

**Don't put on that coat—  
naked people sexy because they tell the truth?  
They are the truth.**

**Paul knows. Shipwrecked today  
on Malta, not a very cold island,  
and yet. Weird language, but ground**

**under his feet at last. Our feet.  
The earth is part of the system,  
gravity and law books and how you dress.**

**Shake off attachment before it bites,  
the fangs of the system are terrible.  
Chop the system off before it does the same to you.**

**9 February 2017**

## INTERLINEAR TO THREE DREAMS OF BILLIE'S

### 1.

It was night. We were standing at the edge of a swimming pool and planning to swim. Then I noticed that the pool filter was choked with leaves and debris and in fact the whole pool was full of leaves and twigs, and there were some "creatures" in the pool too. Besides that I could see that the weather was worse than I thought and the pool was flooded - water was beginning to stream over the sides, quite a strong current. Without thinking I decided to leap to the other side of the pool, where I thought I could clear out the filter. I fell just short of the side into the water. It was cool, not as scary as I thought and I was able to lift myself out into the very clear water running over the side. I looked back to see if you were going to cross over and swim too, but you were gone.

**Of course I was gone.  
I fear water of that kind,  
pure, fresh from its hidden  
springs. I thought you'd  
have known me — I was  
the creatures in the muck,  
I was the twigs and leaves  
and countless filthy things  
besides. You leapt over me,  
transcended what I was,  
the principle of lust that hides  
in everything. Don't you know  
that what you saw was just  
a glass of wine, sticky sweet  
from Portugal, and you drank  
the whole glass down and so  
the clear glass showed the bare  
rim of itself, where no one stood.  
And I was safe inside you by that time.**

**2.**

You and I were having a conversation. You were telling me that you were going to a Jungian analyst in Northampton. She was able to put you in a dream state so that when you woke in her office, you could tell her your "very fresh dreams." You said that you were going to see her five days in a row and that you expected to clear out everything no longer of use to you in that time and "make a fresh start."

**I lay on her couch but she was no analyst.  
She was an Irish harper by family tradition**

**and she kept playing while I tried to sleep.  
O god I was tired of music! Especially this,**

**twanging and plucking and tinny reverb  
and I had to lie there five days and nights**

**to get my money's worth of what she called  
love. Sometimes I get so tired of love and all**

**love's clever agencies to haunt my dreams.  
Dreams! I can make up better dreams awake**

**than she and her night people ever grant me.  
Grrr. I wanted her body and what I got**

**was the sound of her fingers on strings of tin.**

### 3.

We were taking a walk at night, it was very dark, moonless, and I had a flashlight that was quite dim casting only a small circle of light ahead of us. As we walked the edges of the circle of light suddenly illuminated some wolves by the side of the road but they were quiet, lying down, just watching us. We were a little scared, walked slightly faster, but didn't run. Then some more wolves, eating an animal, their prey. Other small animals too, I couldn't identify, more and more of them. We were able to stay calm, didn't run. Suddenly we came out of the pitch dark into bright moonlight. We were at a crossroads, three roads and there was fresh snow over everything. One tree was coated with ice, sparkling and clear in the moonlight. I was very thirsty and realized I could get a drink from licking the ice. I reached out and touched a branch and my bare hand stuck to the ice for a second. I laughed because I had forgotten that could happen. The sky was marvelous, with clouds drifting across the moon. Very quiet, magical.

**She reached out  
to a tree made out of light,  
this kind of light  
takes all your thirst away**

**Shelicked her fingers,  
cold, the man in the moon  
looked lecherously down  
and she was suddenly alone  
at a crossroad, wolves  
not far away in mind,  
a wolf is memory,  
a wolf is a lecherous moon  
pretending to sleep in the sky.**

**She knows all that,  
she's not scared, or not very.  
Magic is always unsettling,  
that's its job,  
to alienate the evident.**

**Wait. What about the woman,  
what about the tree, the light,  
the ice, the snow, why  
is it always winter, didn't  
someone come with her  
from the house or town or  
where do people come from,  
where do they go.**

**She licks her hand again  
and begins to understand  
that she has always understood  
but often pretends not to,  
the way when all alone  
sometimes one smiles in the dark.**

**9 February 2017**

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**Without even using a mirror  
I talked with myself.  
Not much harder than shaving,  
say, though less productive  
of clear surfaces. Go back  
to sleep and try again—  
the rain from Enschede to Hamburg,  
eatuig grouper north of Tampa,  
all those immensely productive  
mistakes you've ever made—  
creation is one more accident.**

**9 / 10 February 2017**



=====

**Dry quiet cold day.  
Back to the wall  
enjoythe wall.  
Every stone in it  
a different history.**

**2.  
I mean history is what you make up  
to ease the pain, history is fantasy,  
detailed memory of what never happened.  
Or Freud is the father of history.**

**3.  
Nothing ever happened  
did it? The wall  
is made of air.  
We prison one another.  
History is blaming the rope not the hangman.**

**10 February 2017**

=====

**Staved in barrel  
from the age of wood.  
Wheel spinning  
all alone in a ditch—**

**why do we wake hungry,  
what work have we been doing in sleep  
that drained so much energy?**

**Let dreams be fattening.  
Let the nutritious dark  
strengthen unconscious muscles  
so we wake all banqueted afresh.**

**Thus he prayed, but on Olympus  
some god laughed and turned away.**

**10 February 2017**

### **FAUX-RÊVE No. 1**

**We're walking on a railroad trestle stretching half a mile over water between river and lagoon. We see right below us, as we're roughly halfway over, a rowboat, empty, bumping up against a piling. At the same moment we hear a train coming our way. We jump down into the boat, and the train roars past, only a few feet above and beyond us. We're safe. But when the train has passed, we see that we've floated some distance away from the trestle. And there are no oars in the boat. We look at each other and wonder what to do.**

### **FAUX-RÊVE No.2**

**A man and a woman are naked, together, sheltering under a rough lean-to on a hillside. Nice weather, Lots of people around, all friends or acquaintances, none disturbed or affected by the nakedness of the two. And shelter isn't necessary, really, but she likes being in there, sloping roof above her, a hillside full of friends all around. The man moves in and out of the shelter, sometimes lying with her, sometimes wandering around talking to people or bringing food back to her. Sometimes I am the man, sometimes someone else I don't know is the man. The woman is always the same — slim, small, lying on her right side, smiling.**

**10 February 2017**

## **THE SEVEN OF COINS**

**A man sits on the ground  
a small Turkish rug in front of him.  
On it seven big golden coins.  
People pass, look at him,  
at the coins, pass on.  
Once in a while a child  
or even a grown-up will pick up  
one of the coins, study it,  
feel it, put in back.  
And sometimes one of them  
will pick up the coin  
and study it and take it away.  
When that happens  
(and strangely enough  
it doesn't happen that often)  
another coin appears  
to take its place.  
There are always, must  
always be, seven coins.  
The man smiles at us as we pass by.**

**10 February 2017**

== == == == == ==

**People die all the time.  
That's what time is for.**

**10.II.17**

## **THE OTHERS**

**The cast-off characters  
in one's mental life  
where do they go?**

**We all have them,  
don't pretend  
you don't pretend.**

**Pirates of the amygdala,  
the sheba queens  
from summer dreams,**

**where do they go  
when we forget?  
They grow beyond us**

**to distant planets  
that never forget.  
think of the galaxies**

**we have populated  
with those vital  
beautiful companions**

**some unremembering  
parents dared to call  
our imaginary friends.**

**11 February 2017**

## **LIGHT**

**Light makes me  
remember the dark  
light makes me.**

**11.II.17**



=====

**Have I been alive  
an hour already?  
What came before  
this waking?  
Who was I then  
and why, before  
I woke and thought  
I was me, using  
as evidence the beautiful  
face of my wife  
asleep beside me?  
I think the soul  
carries many passports  
and comes and goes  
by night but lingers  
sometimes a few hours  
in this ordinary me.**

**11 February 2017**

=====

*theb Sacred Law of Unicity:*

**Say it so it isn't so.**

**11.II.17**

=====

**When you gesture  
towards the real  
as your evidence  
it betrays you  
every time —  
what is Maldon now,  
a fight remembered,  
courage, salt  
crystals salt crystals?**

**11 February 2017**

=====

**Take snow  
as mist made actual  
a child's version of fog  
you can actually touch  
catch on your tongue tip  
hold in your hands,  
shape.**

**And it's still there  
when the sun comes out  
and the sun is never brighter  
than when she shines on snow  
and all that such strange  
mist has formed  
or you have made.**

**12 February 2017**

## WRITING

How slow the pen  
to plow the earth,

each furrow  
a possible mistake

then who comes along  
to sow what seed?

These written spells  
we scratch right in

hardly knowing what  
we or they are saying.

12 February 2017

=====

**Things fall  
because they're things,  
they don't share  
the secret levity  
that stands us up  
against the pull  
of whirling earth  
dancing us just  
slow enough to let us be.**

**12 February 2017**

=====

**If there were words in it  
where would it be found**

**a broken sundial in moonlight  
standing up through the snow**

**an urn made of cement  
full of earth but no flowers**

**deer by the driveway eating corn  
things take care of themselves**

**people say I'm out of place  
language is always foreign language**

**I was born here if I was born at all.**

**12 February 2017**

=====

**I heard what the light said**

**sky vein slit**

**healed right away  
but ere it did  
(was it you?)**

**a world full of snow  
sought its way down**

**our whole vegetable kingdom  
immersed in *firm water***

**we can walk on it.**

**12 February 2017**



=====

**Because the *Only*  
is a star in the mist  
or a cloud alive  
it spews a fine  
influence upon us  
in which we grow  
native to this place  
as once we were  
Moses and Gilgamesh  
holding up to  
are they gods? a bowl  
of rusted iron.**

**(from old note, 30.XII.11)  
12 February 2017**

=====

**The Cloud Mother  
watch her pass over  
quick from the west—**

**new from the window,  
our other mind.**

**(old note, 27.II.12)  
12 February 2017**

=====

**Biology is pilgrimage**

**and a hair  
is a pilgrim  
reaching  
out of the body  
always further  
to reach the light.**

**(after an old note, 23.XII.12)  
12 February 2017**

=====

**I reach out and sometimes  
touch a stranger's skin.  
It feels like glass.**

**(old note, 17.XII.11))  
12 February 2017**

## **THE TROUBLE WITH IDOLS**

**(why Moses masters)  
is that once you have  
a fixed image of God  
you stop describing**

**whereas we will never  
know God until we have said  
everything we can ever say.**

**(from old note, December 2011)  
12 February 2017**

## **[BILLIE DREAM 11 FEB 17 INTERLINEAR]**

I'm in a hotel with my daughter and three of her friends. It's close to checkout time, and we must pack up quickly. I'll probably miss my plane and may have to pay for an extra night at the hotel, so I'm anxious. I've brought too many clothes by far, and I fill the suitcase quickly. Then I realize there are still many things in the closet, including a bag I forgot about. It has little treasures in it from Lydia's childhood, a few of which were gifts from her grandmother. I fear Lydia will be mad at me for throwing them away, but she agrees she doesn't need them and they have to go. There's just one she wants to save, a little figurine of an elephant, but she says she doesn't need the base and detaches the figure from it. Then she decides not to take it at all. There's a piece of weaving from Crete in the bag too, a pillow cover, many shades of red. For a moment I hesitate to give it away, but I leave it in the bag. I think I'll remember it if it's important, and don't need the thing itself. The girls are going to do something together, an outing, and invite me to come too, but I think I'll stay at the hotel secretly, with my new notebook. My notebook is beautiful, a tallish rectangle with a painting on the cover. I'm holding it open. The paper feels deep and textured, marvelous to my fingers.

**Three thousand years ago on Crete  
you wore this dress, wore it and wore it  
centuries till the cloth wore away, back  
and sides and skirts and hem, all but  
this little bit that covered your lap.  
Your lap on Crete — from it your daughter  
and all her girl friends came, all  
your children with no inconvenience to you  
born and bred and taught the rituals,  
the reds of the weaving, madder and murex,  
made their blood, your pale thought  
watching the sea gave them skin.  
Your silences taught them music.**

**And that big valise in the closet. the one  
you always almost forget, once a century  
you lug it out and open it and all the stuff  
you ever thought or made spills out**

**and the girls grab and fondle and discard—  
your daughter tries her best but it is hard  
to take a memory apart, just let it go. Now  
this red rag is all that's left of who you were—  
apart from all these girls, of course,  
hotels full of them, airline stewardesses  
shyly touching your hand as they guide  
you to a seat where they can see you  
as you guide them all through the sky.  
You can doze in your window seat, knowing  
a girl wants so many, many things,  
wants them so she can throw them away.**

**=====**

**[TAKE 2]**

**She opens her new notebook  
its cover is red like everything else  
that matters in this world of hers.**

**She lays her palm softly on the open page—  
it is rich and complicated, soft, sensuous,  
touching it, even or especially so gently,**

**makes it feel a little naughty, like stroking someone through their clothes, she blushes and goes on feeling, stroking, page after page**

**and when she gets to the back cover at last she flips through again like an ordinary book, no surprise to find every page full of words.**

**12 / 13 February 2017**



=====

**Sometimes we guess wrong  
then the alligator comes  
leaping out of the legend.**

**Strange are the beliefs of the City—  
bibles bother us, wants proliferate,  
warnings, red carpet glamor,  
and at night glitz in heaven,**

**all the deities live in comfort  
in one neighborhood or other,  
and blind Atheos itself  
curls snug in the stock exchange.**

**We think we're buying  
shoelaces or diamond rings  
but we're just feeding this immense  
guesswork of the System.**

**Animals are those who live without belief  
the teacher said. Every now and then  
they say something you can actually use.**

**13 February 2017**



=====

**Do you think a girl would do that  
alone on a mountain  
or a boy in a little neighborhood park  
pencil in hand, on the back  
of an envelope? Is that how  
it always begins, alone  
with an image in mind  
you must make perfectly clear?**

**2.**

**Be simple about it —  
we have come to a time  
when women make the best art.  
Exceptions, of course. But if  
you want a picture  
go to a woman , one  
maybe just beginning —  
the less she has done already  
the more she can do.**

**3.**

**Go to the woman and plead her your story —  
soon the museums will be full.  
The magic wand has passed into their hands.  
At last the better half of humankind discloses.**

13 February 2017

[VALENTINES]

*Vale*

says Be Well

be strong

and meant Fare well

god-be-with-ye

god-by-you

and so on Valentine's

the heart

beating for love,

beaten with love's

refusals and strange

welcomes

when out of all

uncertainty

some self says *you!*

and means it,

just you

and no other

then we are strong

and some god is with us,

farewell to doubt,

**then we are strong indeed.**

**14 February 2017**

## A VALENTINE FOR CHARLOTTE

How I went finding  
your way in me  
was the loveliest journey,

Rhine and Rhône and cool mistral  
seacoast of Bohemia  
and almost all the way to Nashawena

finding your calm your clarity—  
*love teaches one lover what the other knows*  
long education of the heart

till most of what I know is you.

14 February 2017

= = = = =

Halfway through the month  
the have-it habit  
is strong as start.  
When a moon  
is over,  
shouldn't the appetite  
relax, darken a little,  
smudge desires?  
Doesn't seem  
a month has anything to do.  
Which is why February  
is such a puzzle, the four  
neat sevens of it, god on goddess  
rayed, luminous, symmetrical.  
Peculiar. Only once a year  
can anything be complete.  
I am morning again, I ponder  
perfection all the way to noon  
then the muzzle lets me drop.

14 February 2017

## ON A PICTURE OF STONES

*(sent by Dorota)*

he weight of them —  
how can colors weigh so much,  
they pull me down to a decent ground  
a winter camp of the mind  
with heat inside *inside*

the heart of a stone is always warm —  
that's where fire's stored.  
*Magia.* Magic means  
we are pulled inward  
pulled together  
all of us approaching  
one another as we approach center.  
A rock works that way.

14 February 2017



## [BILLIE DREAM INTERLINEAR]

I'm in a classroom full of students, young men. I'm the only girl, but I don't really notice that at first. One wall is all glass, looking out on the forest. There are also guys in trees outside, at the edge of the forest. The professor is lecturing - he's quite strict and I know I could get thrown out for talking, but I have to know what the guys are doing in the trees. They are looking intently down into the forest as if waiting for an event. There's a boy sitting next to me and one in front of me and I whisper and ask "what are those guys doing in the trees?" They both answer, whispering too - they're excited about what's happening outside. They tell me the guys outside are waiting for something called a Fibonacci event. There will be a sudden illumination of the pattern of the whole universe. Now something is happening inside the classroom. It's an assignment but I can't quite hear what the prof is saying. The students begin moving around. I see Jaan on the far side of the room and think maybe he can explain, but he is looking so intent I don't want to disturb him. I get up and walk around and realize the men have made small gatherings of objects, architectural, all over the room - structures made of stones and books and branches, pieces of glass. I realize that the men have internalized the universal pattern, something like a Fibonacci sequence, and are able to make things spontaneously in harmony with this mystical math. I look out the window and now we are at the edge of the ocean. The water is heavy and deep, stormy, high waves, very dangerous. There's a risk of drowning, but still, I think it would be good to take a quick swim. I'm scared but it excites me to appear brave in front of the men.

**And that is what it really means  
to the the only woman in the world.  
Fact. Every woman at every moment  
is the only woman in the world. Fact.  
That's why it hurts so much.  
Why it excites. The sea belongs to her  
because it touches every part of her  
and is dangerous. Of course she must.  
Childbirth hurts so much because  
she's giving birth to the whole world.  
Men are so stupid, they look elsewhere  
for their miracles. They sit in the trees  
not realizing the miracle is the trees.  
Fact. The forest. They wait for something  
they can name and count and lecture on  
and sell, they build little replicas  
of what can't be, can't because they can't  
see what is all round them. Knot-browed  
they study the ground, so serious, stern**

**never bothering to worship the shadows  
their own bodies cast. The shapes  
she gave them. The only woman in the world  
is nervous, the way we get nervous  
when we're among blind people. What  
world is this that's come out of her?  
Leap into the sea and be the only thing there is.**

**14 February 2017**

## **[BILLIE DREAM INTERLINEAR]**

I'm alone in a room with a big glass aquarium. I'm alarmed there are three dead creatures in the aquarium - a frog and a lizard and a fish, lying on stones at the bottom. Then I notice a pulse in the throat of the frog, he is still alive. I'm a scientist and I'm supposed to diagnose what happened here. Suddenly I see how simple it is, someone has let the aquarium run out of water. I realize with horror and shame that it was me - I was responsible for the water and I let it dry out. I rush to fill a pitcher with water and I'm crying. The crying slows me down and I realize I must not grieve over the creatures that are dead and quickly save the ones still living. As the water gushes into the pitcher I have a beautiful image of that same water that will soon be pouring into the aquarium restoring life to everyone. I can actually feel the relief and joy of one fish as water pours in over him, indescribable bliss.

**The patient sits, hands the doctor a card.  
It is the Tarot trump called The Star.  
It shows a woman up to her hips in a clear stream  
lifting clear water in a glass pitcher.  
What am I to do with this, the doctor asks.  
Press it with your fingers. He does so  
and the picture starts to move, the water  
gleams, gushes from the pitcher, pours out  
over the woman herself and the shores  
and a myriad animals start appearing, lapping,  
leaping, sporting through the glistening,  
drinking, washing the living and the dead.  
The woman on the card is ecstatic, smiles,  
glows, sometimes seems to be water herself,  
one substance what she is and what she does.  
The woman at the desk smiles too, quietly  
speaks to the doctor, See, now everything  
is alive again. It is too much to expect  
a doctor to understand. But she's content  
when he plucks a Kleenex to dry his hands.**

**14 February 2017**

=====

**If there were oinly a little more to tell you.  
Finches squabbling. Galapagos.  
*Children of the Paradise* on the tube,  
who knows all those people on the street,  
why are they walking one way, where to  
we used to say. If only we knew what we meant  
back then, the bronze black leopard  
by the entrance to the zoo, the trolleys  
on Nostrand Avenue, the girl on the steps.  
I'm sure I haven't told you enough yet,  
it is kind of you to wait while I try to clear  
my way through this overgrown meadow  
wth animals calling out on all sides,  
why do so many creatures know my name?**

**14 February 2017**

=====

It's like waiting  
all night for breakfast,  
get a tune-up,  
watch the moon wane.  
Gibbous. A word  
to wake your uncle.  
Liberty, clothes  
around your ankles  
even. Math was my  
best subject in school  
because it had nothing  
in it to understand.  
Operations on no flesh.  
So the long night  
is here again, I think  
like a child and snore  
like a man. My mother  
had a license but never  
drove, not even once.  
Things are better when  
you can but don't. Once  
I saw an eagle skim low  
over the river I knew  
that I was here for good.

14 February 2017

=====

The vagary, the Valkyrie  
the wavering  
between dead and living

we are momentary  
certainties  
                  adrift  
across creation  
*standin' in the need of prayer*  
the song we can't sing.

2.  
Strong elapses. Dogs  
who can't hunt,  
fathers kill their daughters  
bleat about honor,  
stuff about shame.  
She escaped from rapists  
ran home and her father killed her.

That was the dream, doctor,  
but I read it in the paper  
and could not sleep again.

**14 / 15 February 2017**

=====

**Rapture ready  
future of deponent verbs  
where will we talk and when,  
speaking is moonshine,  
is midsummer snow.**

**14 / 15 February 2017**

=====

**Where can we go  
to be alone together.  
Open the rock and find me  
he said, come to me  
and never leave.  
Your body is a pebble of marble  
washed forward and back by the surf,  
your body is a flame  
flickers on the window of  
the only house for miles.  
I follow you  
the only way I can  
*here space turns into time*  
I follow like a tree.**

**14 / 15 February 2017**



=====

***Magia:***

**She doesn't know  
the bond is formed  
by merest touch**

**now I can ride  
the green rail of light  
into her secret city**

**speak her secret name.**

**14 / 15 February 2017**

## **MAGIC**

**Magic is a dark house  
with no kitchen and no bath**

**magic is a daybed stood on end  
sleep on it if you can**

**You bring your own water  
to its well, your dreams**

**get lost in sand, in dust,  
O magic is a cold moon**

**it sucks all your fire, magic  
is where the elements go to die.**

**14 / 15 February 2017**

## **IN THE THO-RANG, DARK BEFORE DAWN**

**Everything seems clear now.  
In the morning when I wake  
all the words will tremble,  
scramble, be hard to read.**

**Things do not stay so  
very long. The new sun  
scatters hopelessly  
all this news of night.**

**14 / 15 February 2017**

== == == == == ==

**Houses live along roads  
like cities along rivers.  
We're always trying to  
get away. To get home.**

**14 / 15.II.17**

**=====**

**Somehow this stone  
in my hand  
is Solomon's temple  
and you are all his wives.**

**14 / 15.II.17**

**== == == == ==**

**I was making up an alphabet  
to spell the truth.**

**Then wind blew the little sticks away,  
the twigs of Reason  
I had laid out to tell.**

**Where does the word hide  
when its letters are gone?**

**14 / 15 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**I have come close  
enough to count their heads  
but not to read their faces.  
They stand close to one another  
like friends, they move  
forward cautiously like enemies  
in sneak attack.  
Would it help me  
if I could see their eyes?  
Do they even have eyes at all?**

**15 February 2017**

== == == ==

**Trying to  
more formal  
do. Clanking  
of numbers  
from that old  
Greek machine.  
Cold compress  
soothes ache—  
Arabian zero  
quiets fever.  
I have built  
stanzas from  
zero lines  
on zero pages  
full of stars.  
The sounds come  
later when  
the heart wakes  
up and counts  
again, beating  
its long equation  
into silence.**

**15 February 2017**



**== == == == ==**

**Guess what I mean  
when I say what I say.  
I am a book you are writing  
one of us says to myself.  
Meaning comes later, maybe,  
when the other me reads.**

**15 February 2017**

= = = = =

**The man who read his mail  
fell up out of the old rosebush  
not without scratches.  
Water looks like rock from up here—  
fear rivers and bridges. And rock  
looks like sunshine in sunshine.  
What are we doing, he wonders,  
when we pick something up off the ground?  
What intimate primordial bond  
are we bending or breaking?  
Leave everything alone — doesn't  
that make most sense? No answer  
so he goes back to his morning mail.**

**16 February 2017**

=====

**Suppose everything is where it is for a reason. Suppose everything has a reason. Suppose I touch lightly lightly the back of your hand— does that change the whole system? What system, you ask. Any answer would have to come to us from outside the system. And there is no outside.**

**16 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**Are there passages  
where the eye blinks  
skips a word or three,  
changes the meter of mind?**

**Write a text embedded  
with suvhleap-over moments  
so each reader reads  
a different story, a different truth.**

**16 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**Casting a temple  
near to being.  
A being is moral,  
a stone is simple  
morality itself.**

**Learn the rock way  
the attitude all ambient —**

**how sweet the crow cries  
managing the weather,  
swoops to the nutrient  
bears it to a high place  
to eat in peace  
aboveour turmoil.**

**To feed the birds  
is feeding the sky.**

**17 February 2017**

## **BOUQUET**

*from M&M*

**White roses, pink too,  
orchid purple pale,  
meek green foot-soldiers  
stand at attention among  
gorgeous generalissimos,  
admirals, ambassadors  
faithful as Kandinsky  
from Color right to us.**

**17 February 2017**

**== == == == ==**

**When it's right  
not to wait a minute longer  
dreams lap up over the jetty  
and soak your legs.**

**Wet-socked homeward  
capable of everything —  
the water of dream  
is a permanent ink.**

**17 February 2017**

**=====**

**Waiting for the city  
to come  
streetless to our trees**

**its many-mindedness  
alone with leaves**

**then would I walk  
old-fashioned as a mirror  
and know everything again**

**and get it right this time.**

**18 February 2017**



## **LA JEUNESSE**

**Dangerous rooftops  
too close to the stars  
but there we lay  
tilted towards perdition  
touching ourselves or each other  
with fingers influenced  
from that beyond up there.  
Chimney stacks hilltop shrines—  
the Bible saw us  
and we were damned to love.**

**18 February 2017**

**=====**

**I remember everything  
except what happened.  
That was no business of mine.**

**18.II.17**

== == == == ==

**Extraordinary measures  
before breakfast:  
sunrise over the whole  
continent starting from Boston,  
light abounding.  
Nothing hidden but motivation—  
not even the moon shows that.**

**18 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**The primal dark  
of course is  
the dark inside our clothes**

**or the dark  
spread thighs disclose  
or deep inside**

**the chest — we  
can hear the real dark  
beating there.**

**18 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**Things rise again  
from their unlife.  
Portraits on the wall  
of ancestors who never were.  
Children in the garden  
with no grass no flowers no trees.  
A single vine  
dangles from heaven,  
dares is to climb.**

**18 February 2017**

## THE NINE OF WANDS

Four stretchers in shadow,  
each made from two staves  
with cotton slung between the.  
An old man leans on a staff  
watching the four patients  
on the stretchers. It is a field  
hospital, a lazaretto, taking  
care of the wounded in  
the strangest of all wars.  
When a soldier is struck  
he falls asleep, and sleeps  
and sleeps until some time  
built into his wound wakes him.  
Wakes her. How quiet  
the fighting is outside. The old  
fellow, a doctor maybe, or just  
an orderly or weary veteran  
watches. But what is he thinking?  
What do wakers think of sleepers  
or doctors of the healthy?  
For there are two races on this  
weeping planet, one who mostly  
sleep and one who mostly wake.  
But see what this war contrives:  
I have been asleep so long my dreams  
seem like combat, seem as if  
I still am on the battlefield of love.

18 February 2017

## THE SEVEN OF SWORDS

I wish I could tell you about the seven of swords but it is not licit to speak of this card too clearly. or even show an image of it in the deck.

For swords come in all sizes, and even the smallest do what the big ones do, pierce, analyze, understand.

Think: the French call orgasm *la petite mort*, the little death. Does that imply that death is the Great Orgasm? Please, don't quote me, I'm only asking.

Think about arrows, pen knives, machetes, tailor's pins, needles, mosquitoes, fangs, scalpels, microscopes, lances, shark's teeth, spears, Think of how the slimmest pin prick feels.

Then learn Hebrew and understand the book, learn Tibetan and understand the silence.

18 February 2017

## ZWISCHENLAND

1.

**Tween time twixt time  
face over the midway  
smiling at our shortcomings,  
circus planet, vale of tears.**

**No one can run fast enough  
throw a tattered baseball  
through a wall, preach us  
a new gospel so we listen.**

**Or we listen and do nothing.  
That is what sleep proposes  
to cure or what supposed to  
when we first began to rest**

**on earth a time and stand the rest.**

2.

**Why bother with the sea  
when you can drown in tears  
as Diane might have written once  
back when poets were allowed  
to have emotions, and then some.**



**Now language traps whatever  
feelings we have left.**

**Don't be bitter—  
it's hard to digest your dreams,  
big bellyache in the dark.**

**3.  
Go back and start again.  
Carnival. Mardi Gras.  
Ash Wednesday. Heide  
Hatry's portraits of the dead  
limned from their own ashes.  
Mountains across unfrozen  
river. The act of tempering  
our Matter shown on the card,  
Tarot, heat and cold, blood,  
unfrozen river, Our metal  
fused. Forged. Closer now,  
Blue sentences. Oboe recital.  
Christmas camel waiting in Berlin.**

**18 / 19 February 2017**

=====

**As if the air itself  
did all the breathing  
and we just let it  
move in sand out —**

**or isn't that the way  
it really is, things  
on their long march  
carrying us with them**

**from the sea of the beginning?**

**19 February 2017**

## **CHASTITY**

**Chastity  
is a closed dictionary  
a mirror veiled on the wall  
a curtained window  
a horse with no saddle,  
a sunbeam lost in lush grass.**

**19 February 2017**

**== == == == ==**

**If we knew how to define  
we would have more friends.  
But do we want them?  
Hungry eyes around a dying fire.**

**19 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**Protecting jungles  
where unknown alkaloids  
sleep in peace.  
Deep in flowers  
what unknown toxins  
we'll need next  
to harm or heal.  
Every substance that exists  
is both a cause and a cure.**

**19 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**If I take off this  
body and put on another  
or another's will  
the wind still know me,  
the deep still eat the corn  
laid out? An dwill  
beasts be?**

**19 February 2017**

=====

*remembering R.C..926-2005*

**The last clarinets  
hoot in the dawn  
the gift of music  
in this meek country  
to which love seems  
to compel us  
as if it were day.**

**19 February 2017**

## **DHARMA**

**Bach finally  
lets me see —  
through sound  
a forest and that tall  
person not young not old  
walking ahead of me  
leading me on  
as long as I have  
life to follow.**

**19 February 2017  
Bito**



=====

1.

The venom of healing  
sidles through our consciousness —  
before we know it  
it is day. This day. The only one.

2.

It could be the tree  
it could be me  
differences are elusive  
some move some stand still.

3.

Cursive habits of the maple  
Cufic catalpa. Who are we  
when we only listen?

4.

Frost tests the mirror.  
Fraud said Dante  
viler than violence.  
Through all distortions  
I see my face,  
my fraudulent identity.

5.

When you're asleep  
anyone could lie beside you —  
we call such a person a dream  
and pretend we slept alone.

6.

Write the morning full of birds  
though not one crow answered my call.

7.

Forgive me my longevity,  
I'm still waiting for breakfast.

8.

But daylight is pure calligraphy,  
mosaic sky, great dome of thinking  
luminously blue. say it simple,  
yesterday a scatter of snowdrops  
sudden under Susan's tree.

9.

To be  
is to be beheld,  
partnership with the void,  
glance off the mirror  
no one there —  
seek me only where you are.

**10.**

**So few ready to ascend  
yet the escalator  
is always running.**

**11.**

**I was all ready to forgive myself  
when I woke.  
Do that little thing for me,  
*be me while I sleep.*  
Carve that on my stone.**

**20 February 2017**

**=====**

**Every instrument  
is its own creed,  
believes in itself  
like a knife,  
the endless chance  
of getting it right.**

**20 February 2017**

== == == == ==

**How dark memory is  
like evening wind  
in a leafy tree  
trying to forget  
where it's coming from,  
where it must lead.**

**20 February 2017**

## **INTERLINEAR TO BILLIE DREAM 20 February 2017**

I dream I am in bed with someone. I see a little bat, white, hovering near me. I'm surprised that it's so sweet, not scary at all. It's hovering upright, and is feathery, with big brown eyes. He looks very vulnerable. I lift up my hand, palm up and he lands on my hand. Now he's more like a small owl. He only has one wing though, or maybe the wing is broken, but as he sits on my hand the wing is healing. I try to wake my companion to see the bird, but he won't wake up. Now the bird is flapping his wings and wants to fly away. I know I can only hold him for a moment more. I'm calling quietly to my companion, wake up, wake up, but instead he wakes me up.

**No bat is white. Fact.  
The man who sleeps beside you  
is not a man. Strange.  
What have you been doing  
while you sleep? At night,  
have you noticed, all dreamers  
are young, the same exact  
age as when they first  
began to dream. All  
the later stuff is just made up  
by thievish time and other people —  
imaginary one and all.  
You are dreaming: that  
is fact enough. The bat  
is the pale hand of  
a girl who wants to be  
your lover, and you let her  
just a little, a little while.  
I don't think she ever  
wants to leave you  
or you to wake. Love  
is like that, pale, always  
with one wing lame**

or broken, needing you.  
Pal extended, you welcome  
her, stroked her, she flutters,  
you do too, your night  
is a mirror. You are sweet  
with love but then an outside  
person wakes you.  
I saw the whole thing,  
I am the white witness,  
my wing too is uneasy,  
hurts, I flutter  
awkwardly back into dream.

20 February 2017

=====

To touch  
    the other side  
of self,  
    the brilliant engine  
of the not-quite Other —  
listen to the church bells  
from no church,  
            the drone  
of meaning in every bed,  
café.  
    Work is just an excuse  
to stop thinking,  
            a reprieve  
from who you are  
            and then the night  
falls on you alone.

21 February 2017



=====

**Sometimes it  
actually says**

**Here  
is somewhere else.**

**A game  
they play with their eyes**

**pretending to see  
to look at one another**

**look at me.**

**We have not yet arrived  
at where we stand.**

**Alone, we might have made it.**

**But in company  
there is no resting place.**

**With so many  
there is no being.**

**Such things we remember  
on the way to being**

**nowhere at all.**

**21February 2017**

=====

**If it could right out of its shell  
the sun would say who she really is  
but light is such a veiling, the bright  
makes her invisible, a violin  
playing in hurricane, steel works,  
a voice speaking into a hollow tree.  
That's me, all bark and no bast,  
all beast and no breast, no hope  
and all the hammers of Niflheim  
pounding on all the anvils in hell.  
You can tell I'm striving to find  
some kinship with my sister Sun.  
But family is the root of terror,  
the only thing you can ever really  
break is your poor mother's heart.**

**21 February 2017**

=====

**How you felt:  
broken bone  
some hairs  
torn out.  
Starlight  
caught in a glass.**

**20/21.II.17**

=====

**Bronze  
being an alloy  
mestizo  
half-breed  
méti  
remembers.**

**Bronze remembers.  
What is cast in wax  
the bronze remembers.  
What the burin chiseled  
metal holds. Its mind  
is a wound. A wound  
almways remembers.**

**21 February 2017**

## **SUITS OF THE TAROT**

**Three are made of metal  
one is made of wood  
one could be glass or pottery  
or even wood so  
only two have to be metal.  
But one of them could be leather  
and a spear be sharpened wood  
hardened in the fire.  
So no one has to be metal.  
Except the heart\_ a mass  
of flaming gold.**

**21 February 2017**

=====

**A doorway**

**is a wolf way  
suddenness,  
change:**

**stepping  
onto broadloom  
steps into the stream.**

**A room is a river,  
the carpet sweeps you away,  
you float in an armchair.**

**It all begins.  
You are a child again  
with everything to learn  
everything to do.**

**All for you.**

**22 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**First flower you ever  
how could forget?**

**The gospel  
writes itself  
in you if you  
write it out  
before you forget.**

**Just like the flowers  
under the tree  
where snow melted  
just enough  
to let them come,  
white, white,**

**but how many  
petals you'll  
never remember.**

**22 February 2017**



=====

**What does my friend  
have for me today?**

**Change the needle  
change the thread  
the shirt you wear  
is made of wood,  
your brain is brass  
with alloys rich.  
your tongue is steel.**

**Of all substances  
that exist  
a self is made,  
find the molybdenum in you,  
find the waterfall,  
the eagle's nest, cougar's  
pawprint in the snow  
big as a saucer, find  
the rooftree, tarpit,  
fireplace, temple gong,  
find the gold.**

**22 February 2017**



=====

**The Suez of the mouth  
the crossing  
from the common  
Mare Nostrum  
to the magical straits  
the selfic waters  
down where the meaning  
ripens and renews.**

**Drink your nice water  
from the clean glass  
and let it trickle  
down to Arabia the Glad.**

**22 February 2017**

=====

**Of stages of the Work  
the Exaltation that comes  
before the After Thing  
when the bowl cracks,  
the camel bladder  
full of unguent  
pours over the inlaid table  
where fruit is piled:  
grapes of two races,  
nectarines, plums.  
Smell of neroli  
nonetheless in the air.**

**Are you listening, young alchemist?  
This is what you need  
and a trowel for the lard,  
a girl to hold the mirror  
right up under your chin.**

**Saint Julien's bell is tolling now,  
the Age of Faith  
is almost over but not quite.  
Scoop from the river  
going with the direction of the flow  
a leather dice cup  
and drink it in one gulp—  
now the Age of Art begins.**

**22 February 2017**

**=====**

**So you gave me the waterfall  
the alpenstock the percolator  
we carry so blithely, lightly,  
all the animals of earth,  
they all think! Not all of them  
breathe, though, breath  
is an extra, aq special grace  
poured I suppose from the stars  
or beyond, a hand on your arm  
to help you up the long stairs.**

**22 February 2017**

## DRACO MIHI EST

*for Vesna*

The dragon you gave me  
goes everywhere I stay at home,  
its breath is quiet in the morning  
full of vocabulary, he roars  
at noon to shield us from the sun  
and all afternoon is quiet, watching  
the currents mingle in the muddy  
river that passes for my mind.  
Then he spreads his leather wings  
and it is night, the sparks of his breath  
we mix up with the stars, and he is far  
in his own way, a beast of everywhere.  
He's watching me at this very moment  
making sure I almost get it right.

22 February 2017

**=====**

**Praise  
in such forms  
Admire me  
is all the Sun says**

**all the rest  
sghe grants without a word.**

**23 February 2017**

=====

**Encomium yes  
speakful cautionary  
loop the line in the tree  
then run a bird  
along the wire**

**make it close to the sky  
lead nowhere  
so that it goes,  
goes —**

**all we wanted  
was to go there too,  
man on the rock face  
girl on the lawn.**

**Remember? Something  
was always missing,  
a feather fall'n,  
                          a hum heard.**

**23 February 2017**



**=====**

**Is it here  
clear  
true  
or just itself  
alone  
among the endless branches?**

**23 February 2017**

=====

Close to it, Magic, the snow  
all melted from your touch  
and the tin basin  
rattling in the sink  
as tepid water gushes in —

this was your city, brava,  
bridge and opera house  
the languid stride of busy demoiselles,  
nothing was mine, nothing  
belonged to me.

Yet you let me  
see and touch, subway and semaphore,  
cool basements quick with silverfish,

hard to fit through the doors  
but the windows easy,  
cuchifritos and falafel,  
all I needed was an envelope  
come through the mail to me  
at my address, and I had one!

**but it never came., me,  
I was only an altar boy  
but the church not yet built—**

**why am I telling you all this,  
why bother you if I too  
am just part of the weather?**

**23 / 24 February 2017**

## THE METHOD

There is joy in it too  
shampoo, smell of ink,  
from the tavern door the dancers  
spill across the street  
sober with deliberate nakedness.

Bird cry — rufous towhee?  
mockingbird who masters  
all the languages of air? —  
joy, insistent, shout of a flower,  
the noisy differences!

Heart on fire, women  
deciphering their maiden names  
what they meant, what they  
themselves are supposed to mean,

after all, we are only colors  
so we sold all the books  
kept all the words,  
dirt road into the woods,  
park where the trees park  
turn off the radio and begin.  
This is any time but now.  
You are anyone but you.

**23 / 24 February 2017**

## **VERA HISTORIA**

**Mild enough morning to out  
sun partakes!  
Seat cushions in Canaan!**

**But the Queen's smile was gone,  
waist in the east  
my arm almost around —**

**o smile at me again, seashell!  
lave my cranky fingers in your hair,  
mrrmaiden far, be close!**

**So the ocean disguised as sunlight  
shone on me over the blue forest,  
the air remembered all my sins.**

**but I forgot, and peaceful as a bone,  
a shoulder blade, say, I rested  
purple in my easy chair, for in this island**

**every man a king at the steps of Her throne.  
Something like that the breeze said —  
mild day in Feverway, a delicate miracle.**

**I hope you were all listening, it was  
usury tht wrecked the west but  
how they glisten in thsi morning sun**

**the three gold globes of the Medici!**

**24 February 2017**

=====

**Never pull  
away from what is true**

**how do you know**

**you listen soft  
inside until**

**and then it's so.**

**25 February 2017**



=====

**Calling flowers by the wrong names  
can you sin against Colors?**

**Kandinsky seems to say so—  
and how *does* a line betray a shape?**

**Walk into that amateur abstract on the wall  
and see how much gets tangled in your hair.**

**25 February 2017**

=====

**Mind not easy  
wind in trees**

**by sympathy  
can a word  
silence other words?**

**Can the eagle  
carry the cliff top away?**

**But once there was  
a mountain and.**

**25 February 2017**

=====

**Proportional, like the sky.  
Rational, like fire.  
Dullness of organized diversity —  
university. Rhyme  
always tells lies. Friction  
lights the lamp  
burns Cupid's shoulder.  
Let them do what they want  
over there. Here  
lie down and be at peace—  
forgiveness is a kind of mattress.**

**25 February 2017**

=====

**A jeweler's loupe  
focused on the Moon**

**we see the crags  
the crystal cliffs  
tracks in the snow  
where no one goes.**

**This little stone  
you gave me  
you found in some sea**

**in these crosshairs  
the Sun rises again and again.**

**25 February 2017**

=====

**The rapture?  
It's the road out there  
glistening in morning sun.**

**The Second Coming  
happens every second.**

**Once Christ came  
he's always here,  
because that's where we are —**

**he seemed to float to heaven  
because we looked away  
from one another and stared at the empty sky.**

**Christ is the one standing next to you right now.**

**25 February 2017**

**== == == == ==**

**We are the outside  
the chance the opportunity**

**without us the Sun will not rise.**

**That is what the Enemy  
is always trying to make us forget.**

**25 February 2017**

## **PIGALLE**

**I remember it when it was when.  
The neons were old and the colors  
are still dull. y surmises outside  
kept me from in. Looking is conversation,  
must be two way. Rain on a July night,  
wandering back down to the darker  
terrain, imagining nothing. Rough wall  
of houses. Doorways empty. Doors  
in dull colors. Pleasure best to run  
from pleasure. Night the noblest mistress,  
Novalis's. Nerval's. Even mine.**

**25 February 2017**

=====

**Canvas is to painting  
as page to poem  
les plus belles pages de Baudelaire**

**remember another city  
because of it I was.**

**I was the ground  
it was the figure—**

**you decipher it  
but never look at me—**

**I am rough and pale and incomplete  
but how could it be if not for me?**

**25 / 26 February 2017**



=====

**Sad wake from angry dream  
emotions bleed into each other  
no membrane in between them**

**last day of old year  
nine bad things cluster  
a day of danger and damage**

**if there were flowers  
they would change their colors  
to confuse us**

**if there is snow  
as they predict  
it will probably be red.**

**25 26 February 2017**

=====

**Two honey jars on the  
desk from New Zealand**

**empty but sticky inside—  
so be thankful for**

**everything the finger knows.**

**25 / 26 February 2017**

=====

**Is there anything left  
of what we meant  
before the dream?  
Does it all change  
in the night, the way  
stars never stop  
and the wind never comes back?**

**I want more of identity than this!  
A continuity, a sense of skin  
inside the clothes and human beings  
outside the house. Dream on,  
I left all my hopes in *Leaves of Grass*.**

**25 / 26 February 2017**

=====

**They wrote the book  
to show  
they don't know.**

**Every treatise  
avows ignorance.**

**Heraclitus to Husserl,  
"just don't know."**

**And then the fun begins,  
the school bell rings  
and memorized nonsense  
fills the daylight hours.**

***O and the night*  
comes, full of fear.  
And that we really do know.**

**25 / 26 February 2017**

=====

**Kindness is God in us —  
is that enough?  
To start with, certainly.  
Loving kindness to one another —  
and truth will come later,  
loud as sunrise.**

**25 / 26 February 2017**

== == == == ==

Caution later.  
I am a crow,  
I come to tell.

Now you know all  
I am.

Piece by piece  
the way the wind  
or beak

each chosen  
its own weight  
own resistance

to be lifted up  
to be of use

leafwise  
mulch of time

this leaf too  
compiles,

moorlands,  
living matter.

**26 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**Are these spells  
or less  
or listen  
what comes after**

**the future shapes the past  
till we almost know  
where have we been**

**the sun only reminds.  
Have I come again  
to the hand**

**the doorknob  
is this the cloth at last?**

**26 February 2017**

=====

**Gnosis kenosis  
call the paper *sTong.pa.nyid*  
and begin.**

**Every knowing grows from emptiness —  
evidence is always something else.**

**The empty  
is where it all begins.  
And into it in peace dissolves.**

**Out of emptiness  
each one came.**

**You know their names,  
trace back from the echo  
to the first sound  
built into your somehow bones.**

**26 February 2017**



## THE FATHER

Reaching for the father —  
ointment for neck nerve,  
gold-capped plume, the plain  
fact of paper, face in the mirror  
not his, scarcely mine.

Reaching through the lines the 'blood'  
leaves, maps of this very  
minute's ancestry,

fire  
in the hearth. Heart.

*Tengo dolor de cabeza*  
he'd say, and my nape heard.  
Hears. Listen to everyone  
and never decide —  
that is your birth's way,  
birthright, Libra my lamb.

As once I was.

Now a headache  
holds my hand,  
guides the meaning  
through all the agencies of making sense.

I have a headache too, papa,  
I am a ferris wheel inside,  
a smoking campfire ill-extinguished,  
a deer as they used to say  
at gaze.

*Hunger is catching,*  
that's what the plume said  
on the soft paper,  
                                once you have eaten  
you will never not eat again.

Thus we fell from the stars.  
Oh? Last night I saw Orion  
for the first time in years.  
So beautiful, arm and leg and belt  
between, bright star of sword tip  
or sacred drop, star semen,  
gleaming over our exile.

Sob. Sorry for myself,  
I note the traces on the lawn  
of the marauding bear, meek skunk,  
everything alive and why can't I be?

Fire needs air and men need sleep—  
it is the one thing can  
sometimes cure their anger,

**sleep the Irish penicillin.**

**He said it but the ache was mine.  
Never took aspirin, the sight  
of people through the window  
moving in bright afternoons  
was medicine enough for him.  
Whereas I breakfast on the dictionary  
and still am hungry the livelong day.**

**27 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**Every man has to  
come to that point too,**

**the orphan moment  
when for the first time  
you begin to know**

**who he was who made you  
begin thinking in the body of your mother.**

**And when will the moment come  
when you know her  
who fed your thought  
and wove your cloth?**

**27 February 2017**

**= = = = =**

**So much noise  
in so simple world.**

**The trees talk too  
but only if you listen.**

**Under the engine roar  
the silence speaks.**

**The pleasant sound  
of nothing happening.**

**There are even churches  
where they'd believe me —**

**such things you hear!**

**27 February 2017**

## **QUAKER LULLABY**

**Half hypnotized  
by happiness**

**sun on the lawn  
beginning green.**

**And northbound cars  
though on the way to work**

**seem frisky animals  
glad to be going.**

**Look out there and see  
the real peace inside thee.**

**27 February 2017**

=====

**When you go out into the wilderness  
you must be looking for yourself  
because you're the only person there.**

**27 February 2017**

## IN THE AFTER

I'm thinking.

But am I still thinking.  
I mean is it me who is thinking,

the same me I have in mind  
when I say me?

I remember being me —  
is that enough to go on?

I remember lots of things,  
Washington's wooden teeth,  
Bellini died in 1835 and had blue eyes,  
I can hear in my mind's ear  
or somewhere but I hear it  
Joan Sutherland singing the Casta Diva from his *Norma*  
or not her but a recording of.

But are all the things I remember  
somehow members of me,  
mine to fondle or forget?  
Who can say who a stray cat belongs to,  
the kind I used to see in Paris and Darjeeling?



**I mean someone used to see,  
I'm guessing that was me.  
Me then. But I'm up against the same wall,  
  
memory is of no avail,**

**Is the me of then the same as the I of now?**

**Facts are stray cats, memories are stray cats,  
sometimes they scratch, sometimes they sleep,  
sometimes they lie in your lap ad you can't tell.**

**I can't tell. But here I am, busy telling.  
Am I me because you hear me?**

**Whitman wrote to the reader: "you, who are holding me  
now in your hands." Is that the only 'me' or the real me  
or who did he think he was and who do I think I am to  
say his words to you, you who are probably tired of me  
in your hands. You'll push me off your lap soon and  
brush your hands clean.**

**Dandruff and fur: memories.**

**Memory no proof of identity.**

**What I'm saying now sounds like the me I remember being, the way I used to talk or think. But is this thinking? Would Wittgenstein call it that, or Heidegger?**

**I remember holding a book in my hands that Heidegger had inscribed to a dear friend. He signed it, in ink that looked brownish by then, "Martin."**

**What does thinking do?**

**Does what we call thinking confer identity?**

**I guess I should stop thinking about the past me and find out who I am at present.**

**How to do that?**

**Talking?**

**Is talking the shadow of thinking, or the other way round?**

**28 February 2017**

=====

1.

Why is waiting  
so like wanting?

2.

Miraculous fluid  
gushes through our veins.

Ichor the gods call it  
but we know it as water

carrying oxygen  
so every part of us breathes.

3.

Water is the miracle  
the scripture.

That's why baptism is  
and *abhisheka*, sprinkling

the holy simplicity  
of water, water is life.

4.

**That's what I want  
lover says to lover,**

**give me your water  
and here is mine,**

**whatever we are  
pour into each other.**

**Wild romantics  
of the Inward Sea.**

5.

**Everywhere I look  
water is hiding**

**in the branch and in the root  
earth and sky**

**we drink this air.**

**28 February 2017**

## ALUMINUM EVERYWHERE

the ordinary metal  
the life we live on television

and in the mines of Cernagora  
they found an adit to the sea,

said salt turned gold  
before their eyes

**NaCl** → **Au** ! astonished them  
but metal, all metals, are frisky girls,

come from the other side of town,  
any town, leap up and fill the sky,

the iron bird, the dragon of high noon  
spitting fire and strewing

tears of pure platinum  
over all our sad stories.

28 February 2017

